

The Historie of

Princ. How shall we part with them in setting forth?
Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but weele set vpon the.
Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our selues.
Po. Tut, our horses they shal not see, jle tie the in the wood, our vizard we wil change, after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue cafes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske out noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.
Po. Wel, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, lle forswear armes. The vertue of this iest wil be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue wil tell vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of these lies the iest.

Princ. Wel, lle goe with thee, prouide vs al things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there jle suppe farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poyes.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse
 Yet heerein will I immitate the Sunne,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smoothe vp his beauty from the world,
 That when he please againe to be himselfe,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
 By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
 Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
 If all the yeare were playing holy daies,
 To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
 But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
 So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

Henry the Fourth.

By how much better then my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
 And like bright mettall on a sullin ground,
 My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
 Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
 Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
 Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
 And you haue found me; for accordingly,
 You tread vpon my patience: but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,
 Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
 Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,
 And therefore lost that Title of respect,
 Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
 The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
 And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
 Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye,
 O sir your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
 The moody frontier of a seruants brow,
 You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
 Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
 You were about to speake.

North. Yea my good Lord.
 Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at *Hosmedon* tooke,
 Where as he sayes, not with such strength denide,
 As he deliuered to your Maiestie.
 Either enuy therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

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